

# Robins Break Record. Crack Giants

Largest Crowd Ever Seen  
in Brooklyn Watches  
Double Victory.

BUCK WHEAT HITS  
TIMELY HOME RUN

Brilliant Plays Abound in Thrilling  
and Desperately Fought  
Contest at Ebbets Field.

By FRANK O'NEILL.

The Giants were beaten in both games of a double-header by the Brooklyn Robins yesterday while the greatest crowd that ever gathered together in the transporting borough to witness a ball game bore witness to a sharp, clean and decisive victory of the Robins in two struggles that played on the feelings of thirty thousand or more spectators, and had total suspense mounting each other's backs and vowing eternal friendship as crashing hit or thrilling catch and stop was made. The scores were 6 to 4 and 5 to 4, respectively.

Timely as the victory was for the Robins, for they added another game to their lead over the Phillies, who lost to Boston, it was most timely for the Giants, for they dropped into fourth place, below the Braves.

All that was lacking to bring the Brooklyn fans to the end of a perfect day would have been for Nap Rucker to win the second game without the assistance of Sherrill M. Smith. Jack Coombs, who makes a habit of conquering the Giants, worked through the first game, and after spotting his opponents a lead of three runs in the early innings held them off the paths and away from the plate in faultless style. Not satisfied with his work on the mound, the Colby veteran struck the blow, a sharp single to center, which assured victory in the opening game.

Rucker Starts Well.

Rucker started in a manner which led the Brooklyn fans to shake their heads dolefully and recall the days when the Georgia southpaw was held to be the peer of the best left-handed pitchers in all time. Robertson doubled and Doyle cracked a solid single to right field, taking second on the throw to the plate. There was one hand down, and the situation was dubious, to say the least. But Cutshaw made a spectacular stop and throw of Kaut's grounder, nailing Robertson at the plate, and Fletcher popped to Daubert.

A run was scored by the Giants in the third frame, but then Nap settled down and slow-balled the New Yorks, while united Brooklyn became antagonistic with joy. Thunderous cheer after cheer arose as he mowed them down, and Nap doffed his cap as he returned to the bench at the end of the inning. Time there was when Nap might have continued on in the same killing stride, but that was when the speed was on the ball and a savage snap to the curve, where now there is a flutter and a bend.

The handwriting on the wall appeared for Nap in the seventh, when two runs were scored, and it became evident that about all Nap had left was his glow, his grim, boundless courage to fight on to the end and the never ending good will of the crowd, which still remembers how well he served in times past and gone. When Burns and Robertson singled in the eighth inning Sherrill Smith was called in to pitch, and he attempted the feat, which still remains how well he served in times past and gone. When Burns and Robertson singled in the eighth inning Sherrill Smith was called in to pitch, and he attempted the feat, which still remains how well he served in times past and gone.

Brooklyn won the first game, coming from behind with a burst of power that swept Fred Anderson, that sterling exponent of the damnable batting, from his feet and out of the box in five innings, and then proceeded to maltreat Christ Mathewson, who succeeded the erstwhile Fred. It may be that the sight of Matty roses Coombs to greater glory, for it was the delivery of the Old Master that Jack struck the final blow.

Tying Run Left on Base.

In the second game the Giants closed with a rush, finishing Rucker, as told previously, and at the end the tying run was on second base, with the Georgia southpaw at the bat. George slashed one down the third base line and Mike Mowrey threw him out at Daubert's station.

There was never as great a crowd to witness the game as the day in the Borough of Brooklyn. There was not a seat to be had at any price in the grounds after 1 o'clock. The spacious grandstand groaned under its load, for the baseball fans, who were gathered in the deep in places. Those in the back caught only glimpses of the struggles, but few complained. Out in left and center fields temporary stands were erected, and these too were filled at an early hour, while late arrivals filled around by the fence in the back and were glad to have the opportunity to stand and view the contest from that vantage point.

During the second game a regiment of the National Guard, wearing its khaki uniforms, off on a practice hike before leaving for the Mexican border. In four front they swung along, these lanky Yankee lads in khaki, for the use of the duff-bag uniform of these modern times. Old Glory snapped and shone in the bright sun, and fans in the upper stands rose to cheer the boys who were to go to glory on foreign soil over the barrier which has been crowned king of the National League outfielders by Brooklyn fans, drove a home run over the right field wall which will take its place as one of the longest walks ever made on the field, at least for the time being, and carried right on across Bedford Avenue, finally falling to earth in the vacant lot on the east side of the thoroughfare. Extra base hits were frequent. Mowrey, McCarty, Johnston and Stengel drove the ball into the crowd for triples. Robertson, McKeechie and Doyle got doubles for the Giants, all of which fell safe on unobstructed territory. The defense was brilliant, and although there and there an error crept in, the mistakes of the hand were madly partisan crowd. Just so far as baseball is concerned, Brooklyn is Brooklyn and New York New York, and never the twin shall agree.

After the game after a rather shaky start, and worked one of his characteristic games. He put enough on the ball to keep his head above water, but did not over exert himself. When the occasion demanded, however, the Colby Express worked like a Trojan, and warded off trouble. In the seventh

inning Rariden was safe on an error, and Roush, who hit in place of Anderson, singled, sending the catcher to second. Burns, however, hit into a double play, and Robertson grounded to Cutshaw, ending the inning without score. A Bedlam it was as when Coombs returned to the bench.

Giants Score First.

The Giants started scoring in the first inning of the first game. Burns walked, stole second, and took third when Daubert amazed the crowd by making an error on Robertson's single. He scored on a grounder by Kaut. In the second inning McKeechie singled, went to third on Rariden's drive for a base, and scored on Anderson's grounder, which forced Rariden. A pass to McKeechie's single on a hit and run which put the first baseman on third, and a long fly by Rariden produced another run in the fourth.

Then Brooklyn started, and got two runs in the fourth. Daubert's smash to the box almost felled Anderson, and Jake reached first easily. Stengel singled, and after Wheat fanned, Mowrey cleaned up with a triple. The following factors made the winning run: Burns' triple, and single by Myers. In turning second on a rap by Daubert, Myers turned his ankle, and for while it appeared as though his leg had been broken, but after a while he got up and walked off the field. The Giants scored in the eighth on a double by Doyle and a single by Fletcher.

The Robins got a run in the seventh on McCarty's triple and a single by Myers. In turning second on a rap by Daubert, Myers turned his ankle, and for while it appeared as though his leg had been broken, but after a while he got up and walked off the field. The Giants scored in the eighth on a double by Doyle and a single by Fletcher.

# The Days of Real Sport



# Friar Rock Triumphs in Brooklyn Handicap

Belmont Colt Veritable Thunderbolt in Last Paces of Struggle.

25,000 WATCH  
THRILLING BATTLE

Pennant Finishes Second, After Two Years Spent in Retirement.

By E. D. BURROWS.

For the first time in the history of the American turf a three-year-old thoroughbred which had already won the Suburban Handicap came back and captured the famous Brooklyn Handicap, the twenty-seventh running of which featured the opening day of the field. The race was won by Friar Rock, a colt owned by August Belmont, Jr., who was trained by Fredrick Jones. The race was won by Friar Rock, a colt owned by August Belmont, Jr., who was trained by Fredrick Jones.

At the top of the long, sun-swept stretch Pennant asserted himself, leaping into the lead as Sand Marsh and Churchill fell back, giving way to Roamer and Friar Rock, which tore into the straightaway together, the Belmont colt and Slumber II. Friar Rock held tenaciously to Pennant's flanks, Tommy McTaggart putting up a superb exhibition of horsemanship on the Talbot entry. It looked then as though Pennant and Slumber II would finish one-two, but Friar Rock made one of his old-time finishes.

But instead of Andrew Miller's great gelding it was August Belmont's three-year-old which reached, stretched madly down the middle of the course, Friar Rock left Roamer behind, caught Slumber II at the last pole, Pennant at the fifty-yard mark and threw himself across the finish line in front of them all.

In the meantime Short Grass, of which horse much was expected once the stretch was reached, stretched madly down the middle of the course, Friar Rock left Roamer behind, caught Slumber II at the last pole, Pennant at the fifty-yard mark and threw himself across the finish line in front of them all.

While the highest praise and credit must go to Friar Rock and his sterling little rider, Everett Haynes, the performance of Pennant, which finished second, should not be overlooked. This remarkable five-year-old son of Peter Pan and Royal Rose has been in retirement for the last two years, having suffered a breakdown in 1914 and been withdrawn until Trainer Jimmie Rowe shot and decided that he was ready to race again.

No other American thoroughbred has ever made such a spectacular "come back" as did Pennant yesterday afternoon. Matched against the best that America can produce in the way of horseflesh, the son of Peter Pan was always up with the leaders and only lost first money by what may safely be called a bit of racing luck.

Had Joe Nutter dreamed that Friar Rock still possessed that tremendous speed reserve which he called into play in the last eighth of a mile he might have asked a little more of Pennant and whisked him across the line in first position. As it was, the Peter Pan whizzer was caught a bit of guard in those closing strides, and so lost a chance to make a name for himself which would have endured as long as history.

Gave of Their Best.

Of the other entrants in the great race there is little enough to be said. Each and every one of them gave of the best that was in him as he sped

# Another Perfect Day at the Polo Grounds

Baker and Pipp Prove Mighty with Bat and Yankees Win Twice.

CALDWELL OUTPOINTS SOUTHPAW BOEHLING

Between Contests Altrock and Sawyer Entertain Throng of 23,500 Fans.

By GRANTLAND RICE.

At the dusk-rimmed conclusion of yesterday's double matinee at the Polo Grounds 23,500 buoyant fans rose up and chanted that ringing ballad, entitled "This is the end of a perfect day."

It was all that, plus. For the ecstatic multitude present had the rare privilege of watching John Franklin Baker and Wally Pipp surround the Washington club in a double-header and mail it into a gory pulp.

Baker and Pipp—the two double-jointed, gangling, left-handed sons of Slue who lifted the Yanks to within one thin game of the top, while hammering a double defeat from the courageous, struggling Nationals, who fought hard to the finish, but who were forced to battle in a losing cause. The scores were 2 to 1 and 4 to 3.

Two Were Busy.

In the two epic combats the rising Yanks scored six runs. Baker and Pipp scored four of these and drove the other two across. Their big maces were directly and pointedly responsible for every Yankee tally; so it is small wonder that as the sun dipped down they were hailed and acclaimed as the Nonpareils. For the blows they used to win the day were the kind that only mighty swingers make. Two of them sailed with bullet speed into the right field stands; another came near tearing away part of the right field wall, and the others whistled like shots upon their way.

Pipp and Baker won the first game with their bats, but it was not until the second that the Siege Gun Twins were at their best. In this closing contest Washington had rung up three runs, with Ayers working like a master.

In the fourth inning Pipp singled, and Baker followed with a wallop that sounded like an explosion of gun-cotton. The ball traveled on a high line deep into the upper tier of the right field stands, striking the iron post that divides the false from the true, the fair from the foul. That smash got two runs back.

In the eighth, still trailing, Gilhooley walked. Then, with two down, Pipp stepped into one with full force of body and arms, and the only wonder is that he didn't murder some frenzied spectator in the right field stands. The drive, starting fairly low, was just beginning to rise as it cleared the wall—one of the hardest-hit smashes I have ever seen. As Gilhooley scored and Pipp sauntered around the bases bearing the winning tally of a double triumph, the stands were a matted, writhing mass of maniacal men and women.

A Vocal Catechism.

No one could distinguish a cheer, but there belled forth a vocal catechism, one that lasted for several minutes, that came rocking down the steel girders. Hats were smashed and thrown into the field, while thousands of circular paper fans whirled back and forth in the demonstration. We doubt very much if a world series triumph could evoke such an outbreak from the crowd.

These two home runs were the day's big features, but they were not the only ones. Highly spectacular fielding, with Peckinpaugh, High and Gilhooley starting, kept various Yankee pitchers from the fight. In the third inning of the second game with two Seniors on and only one out, Williams raked a low-rolling flyer, almost directly over the "base hit" was written above it.

Peckinpaugh swooping in at top speed, saw that his sprint was destined to fail short, so Roger the Rover dived headlong for the play, came up with the ball, with his feet centred, with the glove in the fifth, a double play was the result. This play was only one sample of the defence which Washington fought in vain to break down. But there was no opening through which the charge might erupt for a winning assault.

Ray Caldwell gave battle with Joe Boehling in the first contest, and Ray was close against him. The Pennsylvania Sycamore suppressed the visitors with four scattered singles, but one came with a pass in the second inning, netting the lone Washington score.

Pipp tied this up in the third, by driving Gilhooley home with a smash to center. With two men in the fifth, Pipp started another winning spurt by a line wallop to right. Baker followed with a shot that struck the right field wall with such force that it made up for his scattered singles. Pipp over from first base.

Two Great Plays.

In the sixth Caldwell walked Shanks, and Foster singled with no one out. But two great plays by Peck and High thumped the rally, and wiped away two impending tallies. Caldwell then went the rest of the way in winning the game.

Between battles Nick Altrock, the Russian Law Fields, put on a fake golf match with Carl Sawyer, the India rubber comedian, as head caddy. The big crowd, however, victory under its belt, was in rare humor for the pantomime, and was also ready for the second game that came starting in disaster.

# Friar Rock Beating Pennant



# Results of Racing at Aqueduct Track

FIRST RACE—Selling; for three-year-olds and upward. By subscription of \$5 each, with \$500 added, six furlongs.									
Horse and age.	Wt.	Jockey.	Owner.	Trainer.	Time.	Money.	Place.	Show.	Notes.
1. Friar Rock, 3.	120	J. Jones	A. Belmont	F. Jones	1:40	5-2	3-1	2-1	Won easily.
2. Slumber II, 3.	120	J. Jones	A. Belmont	F. Jones	1:42	3-1	2-1	1-1	Second.
3. Sand Marsh, 3.	120	J. Jones	A. Belmont	F. Jones	1:44	2-1	1-1	3-1	Third.
4. Churchill, 3.	120	J. Jones	A. Belmont	F. Jones	1:46	1-1	3-1	2-1	Fourth.
5. Roamer, 3.	120	J. Jones	A. Belmont	F. Jones	1:48	3-1	2-1	1-1	Fifth.
6. Short Grass, 3.	120	J. Jones	A. Belmont	F. Jones	1:50	2-1	1-1	3-1	Sixth.
7. Tom, 3.	120	J. Jones	A. Belmont	F. Jones	1:52	1-1	3-1	2-1	Seventh.
8. Pennant, 3.	120	J. Jones	A. Belmont	F. Jones	1:54	3-1	2-1	1-1	Eighth.
9. McTaggart, 3.	120	J. Jones	A. Belmont	F. Jones	1:56	2-1	1-1	3-1	Ninth.
10. Slumber II, 3.	120	J. Jones	A. Belmont	F. Jones	1:58	1-1	3-1	2-1	Tenth.

# BELMONT COLT REJOICES OWNER

Jockey Club Head Delighted Over Victory Won by Friar Rock.

To say that President August Belmont of the Jockey Club was delighted with the splendid showing of his colt, Friar Rock in the Brooklyn Handicap would be like describing the Grand Canyon of the Colorado as "pretty." Button-holed on his way to the paddock to watch the cool-out of his great three-year-old winner, Mr. Belmont stopped long enough to say this:

"Friar Rock's victory is naturally most pleasing to me, especially as I must now confess that I was somewhat prejudiced against him as a two-year-old. He had most magnificent neck and shoulder development and was blessed with a half-sister which showed a lot of temper. Those conditions worried me."

"But the colt has improved marvelously this season, and I have no doubt that he will go on to the Nursery Stud when his racing days are over. He is of the size that I like best in a thoroughbred—15.3 to 16 hands high—and he has that balance which all good racing horses should possess."

"Furthermore, Friar Rock represents my ideal in blood lines, and the \$18,000 which I paid for his dam (R. L. Bressler) was money well spent."

# Entries at Aqueduct

FIRST RACE—Selling; for three-year-olds and upward. By subscription of \$5 each, with \$500 added, one mile.									
Horse and age.	Wt.	Jockey.	Owner.	Trainer.	Time.	Money.	Place.	Show.	Notes.
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